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NO. 2.

ST. HERBERT.

A TALE.

(Continued.)

"I HASTED to the house of Louisa, and the first person I perceived, was her charming self sitting on a sopha in an attitude of the most poignant distress, with her hands clasped, and her face and bosom bathed in tears. "Oh!" exclaimed she, as I entered, "how shall I escape the dreadful situation allotted me?—my uncle knows you, and hates your family; and in order to prevent a possibility of an intercourse between us, he has positively fixed upon this night for the celebration of my unhappy nuptials."—"And can you consent to throw yourself upon my care?" asked I, "will you consent to be mine—will you abscond with me?"—"Ah!" replied she, "take care how you run into danger—should my uncle ever discover our retreat, he will sacrifice us both to his fury."—"Fear nothing, my love," said I, pressing her to my breast, "these arms shall screen you from harm. Come, quit this dwelling—in a moment your uncle may surprise us." She accompanied me without hesitation.

"As we were going down the steps; an elderly man met us with a lanthorn, (for it was quite dark,) and demanded of Louisa where she was going; telling her, at the same time, that her uncle had bade him put all things in order, for that the guests would arrive in ten minutes. She sunk down at the words; and a hackney coach that instant passing, I lifted her into it: then turning to the man, whose name was Buller, bade him enter the carriage without delay—threatening him with death if he made the least resistance. He entered, and I told him to have us set down at the house of the first clergyman he knew, to which, after musing a little, he consented; and then whispered to the coachman through the front window, who after having driven us through a number of streets, at length stopped at an ill-looking house in a narrow lane, where he told us an indigent priest dwelt.

"Our perturbation prevented our taking much notice of what passed around us; however, I observed Buller endeavouring to steal away; and fearing lest he should betray us, I locked the door, and demanded the minister instantly—he entered in the course of a few seconds, and the ceremony was performed.

"As soon as I had presented the accustomed fee, I permitted Buller to depart; and catching up my fainting girl in my arms, hurried with her to an inn just by; then flying to my father's stable, took from thence one of his swiftest steeds, upon which I soon placed my Louisa and myself, and left New-York, never to revisit it more.

"What will not love endure? the delicate constitution of my wife, which on any other occasion would have been broken by the fatigue she bore, seemed now to fortify itself against every hardship. We travelled all day—suffered from hunger, cold, and rain—and several times, in a clear night, have slept upon the bare ground, beneath some friendly tree; for she, apprehensive of being overtaken, obliged me to pursue the most unfrequented ways—constantly avoiding every village, and only stopping now and then at the most obscure cottage, to procure sustenance.

"In this manner we journeyed till we gained this wilderness—yes, *this* wilderness, which for a few short months was the scene of *all* my bliss."

The tears of St. Herbert had strayed down his cheek from time to time during his recital, though he had endeavoured to check them: but his feeble nature could not sustain the part he wished—he clasped his withered hands, and wept aloud.

"O my Louisa, my dearest Louisa," at length sobbed he, "didst thou know the anguish that dwells in the bosom of thy St. Herbert, it would disturb thy sainted repose; but infinite wisdom hath excluded you from the knowledge of what mortals suffer, and hath shut out sorrow from thine eyes forever."

After he had collected himself a little, and wiped away his tears, he proceeded thus:

"It was almost night when we arrived

at a small farm house, whose cheerful and cleanly aspect made us know that it was the dwelling of hospitality and peace. We were tempted to alight; and upon entering the little court-yard, were met by the owner of the cottage, who gave us a hearty welcome; and before we had time to thank him for his courtesy, he led us into a neat chamber, and introduced us to his wife and daughter, telling them that we were two weary travellers, who should do him the honour to stay with him till the next day. How much more grateful to our feelings are those kindnesses which spring from the natural goodness of the heart, than those ceremonious attentions which the polished part of mankind, (as they are called,) make a display of. I felt a sensible difference—and to this day recall, with agreeable sensations, the satisfactory hours I then spent with the good man.

"The fruits of the season, together with milk, honey, rye bread, and butter, were soon placed upon a clean white pine table, and with the unrestrained cheerfulness and harmony of old acquaintances, we sat down to our simple meal.

"After supper, my Louisa showing evident signs of fatigue, our young hostess intreated her to retire; and as soon as they left the room, the old farmer, in a mild tone of voice, requested to know what strange adventure had bro't two, such apparently genteel people, to that uncultivated, unfrequented part of the continent. I had ever despised duplicity in others, and could not approve of it in myself; I therefore frankly confessed the whole. 'And what do you purpose to do here?' demanded he. 'I will get a small hut in your neighbourhood,' replied I, 'and procure the necessaries of life by the labour of my hands.' He shook his head—'you have

mistaken the place,' said he, 'my friend, for besides this house, and one that you may see from the door, there is not another building within ten miles, unless it is an old stone castle that nobody will live in.' 'And why not?' asked I. 'Because people say it is haunted,' returned he; 'yet if you have purposed to stay here, and have courage to reside in that house, I dare say you may remain there all your life without being discovered.' I was delighted with the idea, and determined to visit it early the next day.

"The sun had scarce risen when my host led Louisa and myself to our destined habitation. None can judge of our surprise at beholding it, but yourself: to see in the midst of such a dreary wilderness, so much magnificence—and to find that magnificence deserted too, filled me with astonishment. I inquired of my guide who was its owner; but he could give no account of it—no person ever having been seen there. We entered, however, and having almost forced our way through cobwebs, that hung in sheets across the hall, we surveyed the apartments, and found them all furnished in an elegant style, though we could easily discern that it was long since they had been occupied; we therefore did not hesitate to take up our abode here; but having procured from the farmer an Indian girl to assist my love in her family affairs, while I worked in the garden, we thought ourselves settled for life.

"Though unaccustomed to labour, I arose each morning with the sun, either to guide the plough, or press the spade; and when my diurnal task was finished, I would stroll with my happy girl along the banks of a creek, and amuse myself with catching small fish, which her soft hands would dress for our evening's repast; or we would wander to our neighbour's cot, and there with his little family, and perhaps some passenger who

had strayed that way, we would divert ourselves upon the green with songs and innocent chat, or the guileless sports of youth. We knew no anxiety—we were contented. True, we were poor, yet poverty did not afflict us; for ambition and envy found not a place in those hearts that were consecrated to pure and lasting affection. But short and uncertain is the period of mortal blessedness: how hasty were those happy hours—O how they hurried away!

"We had been here near eleven months, when one evening. (it was in April,) as I was looking over some garden seeds by a bright pine-knot fire, we heard a number of people speaking loud and rushing through the hall; which sound being very unusual, we both rose instinctively, and stept toward the door; it was opened from the outside immediately, and eight men in hunters' garments came in; and I was going to welcome them to my habitation, when a piercing and death-like shriek, which burst from my wife, fixed me to the ground. Filled with horror, I glanced my eyes every where—and they settled—O misery! how can I speak it—they settled upon the rage-distorted visage of her uncle!

"'Monster!' exclaimed he, springing forward, and seizing me by the throat, 'and is it here you have dared to take up your residence? After having pilfered from me my best gem, to place it in my own cabinet for yourself to gaze at?—But you shall suffer for your insolence; I will exclude her from your sight forever.' 'You dare not do it,' vociferated I, 'laws human or divine will not admit of such violence; for Louisa is my wife, and nought but death shall ever wrest her from my bosom.' 'Wife!' repeated he, 'wife!—No, St. Herbert, do not believe it; you never were legally married. Yonder man, habited in green, the

present keeper of my hounds, was the person who united you: all a farce, I assure you.' A boisterous laughter filled the room, which shook me to the soul. I recognized the infamous being instantly, and had I been a mountain, I would have fallen upon the wretch, and crushed him to atoms. But I had no time for reflection or revenge; for the deep groans of my love, who had fallen into an hysterick fit, told my heart that she stood in need of my assistance. I flew to her, and locked her in my arms, when the barbarians tore her from my embrace, and having bound my hands and feet, they conveyed me into a large dark room; then securing the door and windows, they left me to myself.

"Slow and dismal were the leaden-footed hours that passed, ere Aurora shot her purple beams through the crevices of my lonely prison; I was almost in a state of stupefaction—the transition from bliss to woe was so great—so sudden, that it scarce left me the faculty of thinking. I had believed Louisa mine, and that assurance was the extent of my wishes, the completion of my happiness; but this horrible discovery had blasted every hope, and forbade even memory to smile. The unbarring of my chamber door, at length roused me from my stupor. Some person entered, and upon pushing open one of the windows, discovered himself to be Maurisson; every pulse around my heart beat with indignation. 'Where is my Louisa?' demanded I. 'Where you will never see her,' returned he; 'this house is mine, and she is my prisoner within it: you are free; if you stay near this place, and conduct yourself with propriety, you bear from her sometimes; but if you quit it only for a day, I will convey her where you shall have no tidings of her.' So saying, he unbound me, and I arose without reply, for hopeless grief

had closed the avenues of utterance: and he, taking me by the arm, led me out of the mansion, and bolted the door after me.

"For three days successively did I wander around the building, looking in vain for my partner. I endeavoured to force the windows, but to no purpose; they were too well secured. I listened at the porch.—'Perhaps,' thought I, 'I may hear Louisa's footsteps—I may hear her pronounce my name.' It was a frail hope—there was no voice—no sound to realize it. O, how did incertitude and apprehension torture my breast!

"At the close of the third day, nature proclaimed herself exhausted, (for since I had been deprived of the sight of Louisa, I had neither slept nor eat;) a drowsiness—a stupidity oppressed me; and casting myself upon a grass seat that I had placed near the door, I rested myself against the wall, and fell into a slumber. As the wand of Somnus closed my swollen eyelids, fancy brought to my view, her whose image was so deeply imprinted on my heart. Methought she was arrayed in a long white robe, that scattered a lustre from it, and was sitting on the bank of a placid river, with a beautiful dove in her hand. I approached her with my wonted eagerness of affection; but, with an angelic smile, she rose, and placing the bird upon the sod, retreated along the shore. 'Stay where you are, my too much adored St. Herbert,' said she; 'I must be going, but I leave you a dove. See, the river is smooth—we will meet on the other side, for PEACE dwells there.' So saying, she dropt upon the flood, and was out of sight in an instant. Distracted at the circumstance, my busy spirit was going to pursue the lovely phantom, when some person calling me loudly by my name, awakened me.

(To be continued.)

The following *Rhapsody on Spring*, in a style, if not new, is certainly not very common—and as such we offer it to our readers. It is extracted from a piece in the "Rhode-Island American," under the title of "SUGGESTER."

"ESCAPED from the icy embraces of the Genius of Winter, that dread monarch of the seasons, and safe from the sweeping blasts of Boreas, who launches deadly destruction from his northern car, advances green-robed Spring. She comes attended by the zephyrs bland, stealing and giving odours—zephyrs more balmy than those which in the haleyon days of peace, the age of innocence and gold, now fanned the artless beauty of Arcadia's dames—now dispored with the flowing ringlets of Amaryllis—now quivered among the enchanting chords of the lyra of Orpheus, or died upon the magick harp of Memnon. Nature, which lingered with Autumn's lingering suns, and whose requiem is sung by the hollow blasts of December, now awakes from her gelid tomb, like science from Gothick night, or oblivious nature from an intoxicating draught of laudanum.

"The poetick rivulets, whose momentum is received from their posthumous benefactors—the subterraneous founts, pouring mellifluous on the auditory nerve their monotonous, though romantick babblings, have now began their fortuous march toward the saline depths of ocean. So glides human life to eternity's abyss. So travel interiour inhabitants to some splendid metropolis, to mingle in its busy throng of men. So hasten from abroad, sable emblematical ants, to rest from day's long toil, in their pyramidal mausoleum.

"The first-born flowerets, those sweet emblems of all that is chaste, all that is fair, and all that is transient in the fairer

world of female beauty, are now disclosed to the eye of admiration, like stars in early evening, one after another.—From culling frail transitory, earth-born productions like these, the fair Europa, who, as poets say, gave a name to Europe, a land distinguished as the birth-place of a Scott, a Byron, and a Southey, set sail on the back of him whose nod shook Olympus to its centre, and whose red right hand hurled the bolts of vengeance—I mean Jupiter.

"The feathered tribes, till late somnifick, are now awakened. From the aerial bird of Jove, that banquets on the lambkin, to the garrulous red-wing, clad in the crimsoned coat of Mars, all, impelled by the eagerness of hope, or urged by the impatience of expectation, are either fluttering on the wing of animation, or caroling the variegated notes of life-cheering joy.

"Animate creation seems now an instrument of musick, whose chords, touched by the hand of rosy-fingered Spring, emit sounds more seraphick than the enchanting musick of the spheres, or the demi-semi-quavering strains of the divine violin. To this musical panorama of nature, every youthful heart beats time. The red streams of life march their destined round with a more hurried step—dance on a more nimble foot, and glow with a more fervent calorick.

"This is imagination's golden season—this her richest triumph. From beneath her arched, elephantine canopy, the *os frontis* of the youthful head, where she sits enthroned, and holds her elfin court, she wings her airy flight. Emancipated from all the trammels of materiality, she now expatiates in a mundane system of her own creation. She nascally inhales the nectareous odours, emanating from the wildest, fairest, sweetest parterres of posy-crowned Flora; thence, swift as lightning flashes from

the sablest cloud, or the humming-bird darts from the most honied flower, flies to the umbrageous retreats of foliated groves, catches auricularily the sound of waters and the cantations of birds, ruminates on lovers' vows, and manually joins the mystick dance of salient wood-nymphs. Thence buoyant on the pinions of a solar ray, she sails in fleecy clouds till the nocturnal approximation summons her to the ball terrene, where in occidental twilight's cogitative hour, she builds of saintest moon-beams a thousand adamantine castles, but finding in them no shelter from night's chill air, (so rapid is their delapidation,) she hastens home, and reposes within the pericranium till time of dreaming come."



INTERESTING HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ALL the world have heard of Baron Trenk, and his severe sufferings; but the cause of his misfortunes is not so generally understood.

Trenk is described as having been, in his youth, "a young cavalier of singular accomplishments," who, "when he first made his appearance at the court of Berlin, became the object of general admiration." The princess Amelia, having, it is said, "been cajoled out of a match with the king of Sweden, by her elder sister, Ulrica, who succeeded in obtaining it for herself, fixed her affections upon the baron." Amelia was a favourite of Frederick's, and owing to the indiscreet, but perhaps irresistible, passion which she encouraged and Trenk indulged, the Prussian monarch inflicted those punishments upon the ill-fated lover, which have excited for him the commiseration of thousands in Europe and America. The effects of the lady's love, and of the baron's indiscretion, are thus described by Thiebault:

"The lady, for whom he had sacri-

ficed so much, had never lost sight of him; she had administered to him every possible assistance in his first prison; and while he was a fugitive abroad, and at the moment when Trenk was effecting the completion of their mutual ruin by his imprudence, he was indebted to her for the means of his subsistence.—But, from the time of his being buried, as it were, in the fortress of Magdeburg, neither the most active zeal, nor the most persevering efforts, could find a passage to their miserable object.

"She now felt with double poignancy the conviction that she was the original cause of his sufferings, when she could no longer relieve them. To the mental tortures she endured, must be attributed those extraordinary and premature infirmities to which she was a victim. In the course of a few years her personal charms had wholly disappeared; her voice was gone; her eyes, once remarkable for their beauty, had now started from their sockets, and she was threatened with total blindness; she nearly lost the use of her arms and hands—scarcely could she with her left hand raise the right to a certain height, and even this not without extreme pain; and the weakness of her legs was excessive. Never did despair and grief produce such fatal effects on any one whose life they had spared: and as she survived those cruel attacks, it is natural to conclude that the desire and hope she felt, of still being useful to him for whom she endured such sufferings, inspired her with supernatural strength and resolution.

"A singular circumstance, and which proves how dark a veil was thrown over the whole of this affair, is, that the publick, though witnesses of the physical afflictions she laboured under, had no idea of the cause, and sometimes even ascribed them to the eccentric cast of

her character. "She has become what she is," people affirmed, "entirely by her own attempt to disfigure herself.—Her character is so strange and eccentric, that she wilfully misapplied the remedies prescribed for her recovery, and this for the sole purpose of rendering herself hideous and infirm, even at the risk of her life."

"She was accused of extraordinary eccentricity of character, because, in fact, she possessed an extraordinary understanding; though at the same time, it must be admitted that her temper, owing to the violence and duration of her afflictions, had altered considerably for the worse. A woman of more gentle and pleasing manners, or of a more ingenuous temper, than she had been in her early years, was not to be met with; but these qualities she had now exchanged for a severity that knew no intervals of indulgence; that was prompt to presume evil rather than good; and exerted its influence the more sensibly, as her turn for epigram made her spleen more easily felt.

"Of all the predilections of her youth, her taste for reading was the only one she retained; with this variation, however, that she now read only books on philosophical or serious subjects, and entirely laid aside those of mere amusement. She had also abandoned her music, the art which she formerly more than any other cultivated, and in which she most excelled: a terrible example of the effects produced on the human frame by the constant disappointment of a violent passion."

Trenk having lingered in his dungeon above ten years, the empress queen of Germany, at the instance of the princess, applied for his liberation. The king set him at liberty, with strict orders to quit the country forever. After the death of Frederick, an interview

took place between Amelia and her lover at Berlin, which is portrayed in the following affecting manner:

"On arriving at Berlin, it may be easily imagined his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the cause of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe the interview? It lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears. The past, the present, the future was reviewed, without alleviation to their sorrows!—What perplexities—what griefs were theirs! What a perspective lay before them!—Trenk, his hair bleached with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung from it; his features changed by grief—this was the man who in his youth had displayed so superb a person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld in her for whom he had suffered so much, a female prematurely old like himself; a head entirely bald, and shaking so as scarcely to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in its expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim, and haggard; a form that tottered with feebleness upon limbs, unable, through contortion and disease, any longer to perform their office. How, in so changed a being, was he to retrace the object of his affection, whom he had left in the bloom of youth, with features the most regular, a complexion the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces of air and person, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy and most consummate beauty! And how, in the accents of austere affliction—the cold unfeeling train of reasoning—the words of desperation and distrust that now escaped her in the harsh illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things—could he recall the rich sallies of imagination which so of-

ten had enchanted him! Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moments, and the rapturous dreams of future bliss!—Alas! every thing now is dead! Each finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form! What efforts were necessary on either side to sustain so dreadful a shock!

“In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenk. She led the conversation in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting, for the time, their common sorrow, by mutually communicating the story of their past sufferings; she inquired into every particular of his situation; the nature of his present resources, and his future hopes; how many children he had, and their different ages; what manner of education he adopted for them. She next assured him, she would do whatever lay in her power for them, and promised to take his eldest girl under her roof in quality of a companion. It was in this spirit that they separated, to see each other no more.”—*Boston Ev. Gaz.*



HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.



IN ages past, the M'Leans of Loch-Buy were absolute monarchs of the south side of Mult; and in those days, hunting deer was their amusement and support.

Loch-Buy commanded a great chase, and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore, (Godfrey,) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass; and at the same time declared, if such a thing did happen, Gore should forfeit his life.

Gore took his station; but notwithstanding all his caution, some deer foretold the pass, and made their escape.

Gore did not lose his life, but he was ignominiously chastised in the presence of the chieftain and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak.

The proud Highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the face of his chief and clan. Death, in his opinion, would have been honourable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear.

Young and old were assembled to see the chase and poor Gore's shameful chastisement. Among the rest was a nurse, with the infant son of the chief in her arms. Gore watched his opportunity—snatched Loch-Buy's child from the arms of his nurse, and with him in his hand, leaped amongst the rocks of the peak, to a shelf far below the astonished spectators. Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph.—Rewards and honours were offered—tears and intreaties were poured forth by the distracted parents to Gore, to save and restore their only son. At length he seemed to relent, and declared, if Loch-Buy was brought within his sight, and chastised in the same ignominious manner as he had been, he should be satisfied.

The parent, for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son. Gore, with a smile of triumph and contempt, raised the child in his hand at arm's length, and with a shout threw himself over the peak. Both Gore and the child were dashed to pieces long before they reached the sea.



ENVY is fixed only on merit; and like a sore eye, is offended with every thing that is bright.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

NATURAL philosophy is sometimes taught in the scriptures of inspiration; though *divine* philosophy is principally the object and instruction of the Holy Spirit that dictated the scriptures. It will probably be amusing to notice some instances of the philosophy of nature mentioned in scripture.

1. "All rivers," says the wise preacher, "run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers came, thither they again return." If this is true—as it certainly must be—the rains which form the rivers, and the fountains which flow from the hills and mountains, must come from the waters evaporated from the ocean, which are exactly equal to the waters flowing back into it. Hence the sea never runs over, nor becomes dry. And this fact is proved by the great evaporation of the waters of the Mediterranean, and of some lakes in Africa—which run not into the ocean, but are evaporated as fast as the waters flow into them.

2. Moses, who was skilled in all the learning of ancient Egypt, writes of the deluge, that it rained but forty days; which would have been insufficient to cover the tops of the highest mountains of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In Job, however, he says, "Who shut up the sea with doors, when it broke forth [in the deluge] as if it issued from the womb?" and agreeably to this, Gen. vii. at the commencement of the flood, he says, "The same day, [that the rain began to fall,] the fountains of the great deep were broken up;" as well as the windows, or floodgates, from above were opened. The water from beneath, as well as from above, came, therefore, on our earth to drown it.

3. And agreeably to this, the scripture says, "The earth is founded upon

the waters—standing in them, and out of them."

4. And says Moses, in Job,—"God stretcheth out the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." Thus we learn that the earthly part of our globe is founded on the waters of it; that the globe itself hangeth on no visible thing, but moves in its orbit round the sun by the spirit of God, who upholds the revolving worlds, moving in the infinite void of matter. What a sublime climax! earth swimming on its waters—the globe in its air—and earth, water, and air, moving in the invisible spirit of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness!

NED MAC SILENROE.



HANGING AN OBJECT OF DESIRE!

STRANGE and unaccountable are the aberrations of the human mind. Hanging is generally looked upon with an abhorrence "unspeakable;" or, if a few wretches voluntarily resort to it, they do so in the gloom of despondency, or in a paroxysm of despair—in short, because any kind of death is to them less insupportable than life. But this is nothing compared to the astonishing popular delusion stated by the Edinburgh Reviewers, in the following extract.—(See *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1803, page 297.)

"A very curious circumstance took place in the kingdom of Denmark, in the middle of the last century, relative to the infliction of capital punishments upon malefactors. They were attended from the prison to the place of execution by priests, accompanied by a numerous procession, singing psalms, &c. which being ended, a long discourse was addressed by the priest to the culprit, who was hung as soon as he heard it. This spectacle, and all the pious cares bestowed on the criminals, so far seduc-

ed the imaginations of the common people, that many of them committed murder, purposely to enjoy such inestimable advantages; and the government was positively obliged to make hanging dull, as well as deadly, before it ceased to be an object of popular ambition."

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THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD.

As this extraordinary personage has long been the theme of children's early study and terror, and as no afterpiece ever had a greater run than that splendid and popular musical entertainment which bears the title of Blue Beard, our readers will no doubt be gratified in perusing the character of that being, who really existed, and who was distinguished, in horror and derision, by that appellation.

He was the famous Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a Marshal of France, and a general of uncommon intrepidity, and greatly distinguished himself in the reigns of Charles the VI. and VII. by his courage; particularly against the English, when they invaded France. He rendered those services to his country which were sufficient to immortalize his name, had he not for ever tarnished his glory by the most horrible and cruel murders, and licentiousness of every kind. His revenues were princely, but his prodigality was sufficient to render an emperor a bankrupt. Wherever he went, he had in his suit a seraglio, a company of players, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, an almost incredible number of cooks, packs of dogs of various kinds, and about two hundred led horses. Mezeray, an authour of the highest repute, says that he encouraged men, who called themselves sorcerers, to discover hidden treasures; and enticed young persons of both sexes, and

afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was requisite to form his charms and incantations. These horrid excesses may be believed, when we reflect on the age of ignorance and barbarity in which they were, certainly, but too often practised. He was, at length, for a state crime against the Duke of Brittany, sentenced to be burnt alive, in a field at Nantz, 1440; but the Duke of Brittany, who was present at his execution, so far mitigated the sentence, that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes buried. Though he was descended from one of the most illustrious families in France, he declared, previous to his death, that all his horrible excesses were owing to his wretched education.—*Fashionable Magazine*.

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THE NATIVITY.

On Christmas day last, an old gentleman, residing in the township of Barton, and who was remarkable for his punctuality in keeping what he called the Nativity, was visited by six daughters and daughters-in-law; but as the weather, in the evening, became somewhat unpleasant, they made up their minds to stay with him during the night, to which proposal he very cheerfully consented; and, both by his actions and by his humorous jocose, little, trifling and pleasant manner of expressing himself sufficiently evinced that he rejoiced in his heart that he had once more the dear sweet creatures about him. But, short-sighted mortal! Thou knowest not, at one moment, what the next may bring forth! Before the rising of the Sun next morning, five out of the six ladies were put to bed, each being positively delivered of a new grand-child, to assist the old gentleman in celebrating the Nativity.—*U. C. Spectator*.

A CHARACTER.

“ The Queen of Portugal, though at this time (1772) she was considerably advanced towards her 60th year, yet watched every motion of her husband, with all the vigilant anxiety of a young woman. Whether the diversion was hunting or shooting, or falconing, she was constantly at his side. No woman in Europe, indeed, rode bolder, or with more skill. Her figure almost defied the powers of description, on these occasions. She sat astride, as was the universal custom in Portugal, and *wore English leather breeches; frequently black*; over which she threw a petticoat, which did not always conceal her legs. A jacket of cloth, or stuff, and a cocked hat, sometimes laced, at other times without ornament, completed the masculine singularity of her appearance.”—“ She was admitted to be an excellent shot, seldom missing the bird at which she fired, even when flying: but this diversion had nearly produced a most tragical result; as a few years before I visited Portugal, she very narrowly missed killing the King with a ball, which actually grazed his temple.”—*Wraxhall.*



GRATITUDE.

During the unhappy days of the French Revolution, in September, 1792, a woman conceived the project of rendering funeral honours from motives of gratitude, to her confessor, whom she understood was to be massacred at the prison Des Carmes. As she intently dwelt upon this idea, she heard an extraordinary cry in the street, by which she was drawn to the window: she saw a cart passing filled with dead bodies, and among them recognised the person of her confessor! A surgeon, one of her

neighbours, happened to be with her; pointing out the body, she entreated him to go and purchase it of the driver.—Yielding to her entreaties, the surgeon went to the driver, and telling him his profession, said he wished to purchase one of the bodies for dissection. The driver asked him twenty crowns, permitting him to take his choice. He paid down the money and took the body pointed out to him, which he caused to be conveyed into the house of his friend. But what was the surgeon’s surprise when he saw the priest on his feet!—Clothes being procured for him, and being in the presence of his benefactress, he said, “ When I saw my brethren massacred at Des Carmes, I imagined it possible to save my life by throwing myself among the dead bodies as one of them. I was stripped and thrown into the cart in which you saw me. I did not receive a single wound—the blood with which you saw me covered was that of the carcasses with which I was confounded. Receive, my benefactress, the most grateful thanks!—It is probable, that, thrown into a quarry with the bodies of my unfortunate companions, I should have perished there!”—All three then fell on their knees, and returned thanks to heaven for this singular deliverance.



WHEN Mr. Haywood saw a gentleman riding, with a lady of doubtful character sitting behind him, he said, “ Truly, sir, I should say that your horse was overloaded, if I did not perceive that the lady you carry is very light.”

WHEN Oliver Cromwell made his public entry into London, his companions remarked to him the great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see him. “ There would be just as many,” said he, “ if I was going to the scaffold.”

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON PARTING WITH MY MUCH ESTEEM'D
FEMALE FRIEND, ZULEKIA.

THE RETROSPECT.

" Reflection traces life's smooth seasons
gone,
" And mourns the former pleasing scenes
withdrawn ;" NOYES.

How often borne back on fancy's soft wing,
And rememb'ring the past the bosom 'twill
sting,

When far from those *lov'd* and *dear* to the
soul,

Who often with rapture have prest the new
bowl :

And such are the *friends* that now swell in
my mind,

And those are the few whom I've always
found kind ;

When together our feet have kiss'd the
sweet place,

And the "gleam of the past" we then would
retrace :

Whilst burn'd the bright beam whose enli-
vening ray,

Would seem as to melt all our sorrows
away ;

Except the few pangs that might still linger
there,

And damp'd by the frown of haggard des-
pair :

But the luminous smile, that rose in *each* eye,
Bore away each dark touch like a midsum-
mer's sky ;

And left us serene, as the dying wave's roar,
That clasps to its bosom the clear pebbly
shore.

But still there are pangs that will live in
the heart ;

And will never, oh ! never, till death us do
part ;

Yet the tear of *affection* should moisten each
gem,

And the green buds of mem'ry should
breath on each stem,

And live, till the sun of our life dies away,
And then should be warm'd by the moon's
milder ray ;

And oh ! light be the sigh which causes the
swell,

To bid to my *dearest*, ZULEKIA farewell !

ROLLA.

From "The Telescope," a paper recently
established at Columbia, (S. C.)

A DREAM.

A DREAM I had the other day—

"Twill make you smile, my love to hear it ;
So strangely wild was fancy's play,
No madman's vision e'er came near it.

I thought (how weak !) I might confide
With unsuspecting, full reliance,
Upon the friend I once had tried,
And bid the power of change defiance.

I dreamt that *truth* the world possess'd,
That *honour* was not quite a notion ;
I thought the hand that warmly prest
Was prompt by some kind emotion.

I thought the smile that lights the face
Had with the heart some slight connexion ;
I fancy'd that the fond embrace
Was still the offspring of affection.

I thought that woman's heart was made
The seat of chaste and generous passion,
And not by sordid motives sway'd—
The cheated fool of wealth and fashion.

I thought the glance from Emma's eye,
The smile o'er every feature stealing,
Her native blush, her artless sigh,
Betray'd a soul of gentlest feeling.

Thus friendship, honour, truth and love
Conspir'd to form my blissful vision ;
And long did wretched fancy rove
Enamour'd through the dream Elysian.

But dreams, of texture all too slight,
By real life are quickly banish'd :
The happy phantoms took their flight ;
I woke to truth, and all had vanish'd.

I look'd in lost despondence round,
To seek the forms my dream had painted,
A cold and heartless world I found,
By love unblest, by falsehood tainted.

To friendship and to feeling dead—
A waste of folly and confusion :
I sorrow'd o'er the vision fled,
And wish'd again my blest delusion.

And shall it not return again ?
Return to cheat and bless me ? Never !
Oh ! no ! the wish is fond and vain :
Dreams, vanish'd once, are gone forever.

EVENING SONNET TO MARY.

THE blustering winds are hush'd on high ;
The darken'd clouds are all withdrawn
And, stealing to the western sky
The length'ning shades move o'er the lawn.

The woodland pours its sweetest song,
That softly sinks as day retires,
And as it dies the vale along,
A harmony of soul inspires.

Calm as this closing hour of day,
And blest with harmony as sweet,
May Mary's seasons glide away
And peace and joy her wishes meet ;
And may no dark relentless storm,
Her tranquil happiness deform !

EXTEMPORANEOUS REFLECTIONS,
of a young Quaker Lady, of (Pearl-street) New-York, while gazing on the lifeless countenance and contemplating the awful change that had taken place in the sudden death of Capt. REUBEN BARNARD, of Nantucket, who died in this city in Sept. 1813, aged 29.

"Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom,
That one so young, and what we term'd
so beautiful
Should die so soon."

AND art thou lowly laid in death ?
Tho' yesterday erect and firm,
Couldst brave the Tempest's stormy breath ;
'Twas vig'rous manhood's healthy form.

The Oak that rears its head on high,
At eve is levell'd with the dust,
So thou, in all thy youthful prime,
Art fallen to the earth—art crush'd.

And didst thou fall ? And fall alone ?
Yea ! Strangers watch'd thy dying bed !
No Friend to catch the parting groan !
And mourn the spirit quickly fled !

Yet Love shall mourn thy *early* end,
And Friendship weep that thou art gone !
A Mother's head shall *lowly* bend !
And sigh thy name her dearest Son !...

Crying, "Would that for thee I'd died,
" My child, my child, my darling Son !
" Ere thou in manhood's brightest pride
" Hadst sunk to earth, thou dearest one !"

E'en Strangers' tears, for him, shall flow,
To join the debt his *LYDIA* pays,
Each grateful heart with her shall glow !
And join with her their mournful lays !

And must I, must I, bid farewell ?
I, who have watch'd that pallid face !
And see thee to the dark grave led,
And leave thee in death's cold embrace !

THE SQUEAKING GHOST !

A Tale imitated from the German, according to the true and genuine Principles of the Horrific.

THE wind whistled loud ! Farmer Dobbin's wheat stack
Fell down ! the rain beat 'gainst his door !
As he sat by the fire, he heard the roof crack !
The cat 'gan to mew, and put up her back !
And the candle burnt...just as before !

The Farmer exclaim'd, with a piteous sigh,
" To get rid of this curs'd noise and rout,
" Wife, gi'e us some ale." His Dame straight
did cry,
" I cant, mun !" Why ? " 'cause the cask's
out !"

By the side of the fire sat Roger Gee-ho,
Who had finish'd his daily vocation,
With Cjely, whose eyes were as black as
a sloe,
A damsel, indeed, who had never said No,
And, because she ne'er had an occasion !

All these were alarm'd by loud piercing
cries,
And were thrown in a terrible state,
Till opening the door, with wide staring
eyes,
They found to their joy, no less than surprise,
" 'Twas the old Sow stuck fast in the gate !

ON THE RELIGION OF AN EPICURE.

HERE's my religion, Demas cry'd,
And to his breast his hand apply'd,
Oh ! no, says Marcus, with a frown,
It lies a little *lower* down.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1816.

Intelligence.

English papers of March 23, state that a smart shock of an earthquake was felt the preceding Sunday morning at Nottingham, Sheffield, and several other towns through the country. Some of the churches were damaged by the concussion, chimneys thrown down, houses cracked, lustres broken, &c. particularly at Mansfield.

A general war was expected to break out in India, the Mahrattas having refused to maintain the subsidiary troops forced upon them.

It is said that the British fleet, consisting of one three-decker, two 74's, and several frigates, under Ad. Lord Exmouth, sailed from Leghorn, March 4th, destination unknown, but reported to be commissioned to fulfil certain requirements of the Allied Powers, relative to the Barbary States, as far as regards their mode of warfare, which the Allies have determined shall be waged and carried on according to the custom and manners of the most civilized nations, viz. making no slaves of prisoners, &c.

The depredations of the Barbary Corsairs along the coast of Italy, continue. They lately made a descent with a force of 500 men at Morseno, plundered the churches and houses, and carried off a great number of captives.

It is said that the British government, the past season, have obtained a contract for fresh beef from Ireland, at about two cents and a quarter per pound; that pork was at half a guinea a hundred; and that wheat was at 2s. 6d. per bushel; and oats, barley, butter, &c. in the same proportion. The great cause of

these reduced prices is owing to the great scarcity of circulating medium.

A London paper of March last, states that a Steam Boat arrived at Havre in twenty hours from London, and proceeded for Paris, where she arrived, to the astonishment of thousands, who had assembled to witness this novel scene.

Measures are taking in all the European countries to prevent the introduction of the plague.

The citizens are cautioned against mad dogs, as two were killed this week, one in Pearl-street, and the other near the Fly-market.

Accounts from different parts of the country state the destruction of immense quantities of wood, fences, &c. from the injudicious burning of brush this uncommonly dry season, "when all nature is ripe for combustion."

The U. S. brig Boxer, capt. Porter, in the beginning of April, fell in with, and captured the sch. Comet, commanded by the famous pirate Mitchell, (one of the crew of the British frigate Hermione,) and another small vessel, laden with ammunition, &c. for the use of the pirate, and carried them into New-Orleans. The pirate had on board specie, jewelry, &c. amounting to 160,000 dls.

A letter to a gentleman in Baltimore, dated Bordeaux, March 19, says, "Four officers, and some sailors, belonging to the American squadron at Mahon, were shot there lately in an affray with the Spanish soldiers. Commodore Shaw demanded that exemplary punishment should be immediately inflicted on the soldiers, as they were the aggressors, and then with his squadron left the port, without waiting the reply of the Spanish government to his demands."

The Waterford Canal Company, incorporated at the last session of the legislature, are empowered to open a lock

navigation from the navigable waters of the Hudson to the city of Schenectady, on the north side of the Cohoes falls.— Their style is the "Hudson and Mohawk lock navigation company," capital five hundred thousand dollars, divided into ten thousand shares of fifty dollars each.

The ship *Belvidera*, Hobson, arrived at Baltimore on the 3d inst. from Liverpool, passed on the 13th ult. sixteen islands of ice, in lat. 44, long. 46.

The U. S. frigate *Macedonian*, capt. Warrington, has lately sailed for South America, to interpose for the release of the American citizens detained as prisoners at Cartagena and Santa Martha.

By a late report from the Treasury Department, the whole exports of the U. S. for the last year exceeded fifty-two millions of dollars, of which near 48 millions were domestick products, and six and a half millions were of foreign articles.

A singular circumstance took place at the theatre on the 19th ult. A young gentleman in the boxes, about the beginning of the afterpiece, discovered a smoke issuing from his waistcoat pocket. On his reaching the lobby his waistcoat was in a blaze, which burnt so furiously that it was with difficulty extinguished. The cause of this strange combustion, was a small piece of phosphorus, which he had picked up in a chemist's room, and carelessly put it in his pocket, and which the heat of the place had caused to take fire. This should serve as a caution to those who are in the habit of playing with inflammable substances, with the nature of which they are not acquainted. Had the young gentleman been alone when the phosphorus took fire, he would probably have paid dear for his thoughtlessness.—*Boston D. Adv.*



NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. James Hamilton, to Miss Deborah Peters.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. John H. Hunn, to Miss Sarah S. Willis all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romayne, Mr. William Earle, to Miss Hannah M'Clure, all of this city.

At Grace Church, by the rev. Mr. Bowen, Mr. Thomas Serjeant, of London, to Miss Sarah Mann, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Schaffer, Mr. John M. Engleheart to Miss Eliza Arcularius, daughter of Mr. George Arcularius.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Adrian Hegeman, esq. to Miss Eliza Balster.

By the rev. Mr. Cooper, capt. Ephraim Reed, of New-Brunswick, to Miss Elizabeth Wilmut, of Cranbury,

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 57 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 4th inst.

DIED,

Mr. Philip Ruckle, aged 71.

Mr. Michael White.

Mr. John Rider, pilot, aged 39.

Mrs. Grace O'Connor, aged 49.

Mr. And. I. Burnside, after a short illness.

Mr. John Jeremiah, an old citizen.

Mrs. Lydia Rice, aged 27, wife of Mr. Parley Rice.

Mr. Adolphus Smith, aged 18.

Mrs. Deborah Gollows, aged 66.

Mrs. Eleanor M'Intyre, wife of Mr. Peter M'Intyre.

Dr. Joseph Wright, aged 70.

At Athens, in this state, on the 4th inst. after a short illness, the Hon. Samuel Dexter, of Boston, (Mass.) aged 55.

Near London, rev. William Blagburne, of Brooklyn, (L. I.)

Those subscribers to the Museum who may have lately removed, and have not received their papers, are respectfully requested to leave their address at the office No. 102 Water street.

THE REFLECTOR.

No situation in life (said the late Rev. J. S. Buckminster, of Boston) is so favourable to established habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country, and rural occupations. I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry, of which in this country, we know little, who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired labourers of an intendant, and who are, therefore, interested in nothing but the regular receipt of their daily wages; but I refer to the honourable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence depend upon his personal labours, and the regular returns of abundance from the soil, which he cultivates. No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his immediate dependence upon God, as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings, he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his Maker. To him are essential the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy. In the country, we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of no secondary agent in unfolding this vast expanse. Nothing but omnipotence can work up the dark horrors of the tempest, dart the flashes of the lightning, and roll the long-resounding rumour of the thunder. The breeze wafts to his senses the odours of God's beneficence; the voice of God's power is

heard in the rustling of the forest; and the varied forms of life, activity and pleasure, which he observes at every step in the fields, lead him irresistibly, one would think, to the source of being, and beauty, and joy. How auspicious such a life to the noble sentiments of devotion! Besides, the situation of the husbandman is peculiarly favourable, it should seem, to purity and simplicity of moral sentiment. He is brought acquainted, chiefly with the real and native wants of mankind. Employed solely in bringing food out of the earth, he is not liable to be fascinated with the fictitious pleasures, the unnatural wants, the fashionable follies and tyrannical vices of more busy and splendid life.

Still more favourable to the religious character of the husbandman is the circumstance, that, from the nature of agricultural pursuits, they do not so completely engross the attention, as other occupations. They leave much time for contemplation, for reading, and intellectual pleasures; and these are peculiarly grateful to the resident in the country.—*Boston Ev. Gaz.*

A TRAGICAL INCIDENT.

At an Indian wedding in the Philippine islands, the bride retired from the company in order to go down to the river and wash her feet. As she was thus employed, an alligator seized her. Her shrieks brought the people to the place, who saw her between the monster's teeth, and just drawn under the water. The bridegroom instantly plunged after with his dagger in his hand and pursued the ravisher. After a desperate conflict he made him deliver up his prey, and swam to shore with the body of his dead wife in his arms.

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